Vignettes of the Gardens

OF

San Jose de Guadalupe

JUN 1939

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Vignettes of the Gardens
OF
San Jose de Guadalupe

COMPILED BY
Helen Weber Kennedy
&
Veronica K. Kinzie

SAN FRANCISCO
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This collection of garden reminiscences is offered to the members and friends of the San Francisco Garden Club in an effort to preserve the atmosphere and beauty of some of the early San Jose gardens. It is by no means an historical treatise but an attempt to present a picture of the homes and gardens of the pioneers of San Jose and environs as remembered by their descendants.

The compilers wish to express their gratitude for the co-operation of the Bancroft Library and the assistance of Mr. James W. Finley, Miss Ethel Whitmire and Dr. Adams of San Jose, and Fr. Gilbert, S.J., of Santa Clara University, as well as for the helpful suggestions of many other interested persons.

SAN JOSE de GUADALUPE

Foreword

IT was November 29, 1777, by order of the Spanish Governor Felipe Neve, that the first pueblo in California was founded. At that time, Santa Clara Mission had been established for ten months, and the Presidio of San Francisco, one year.

Lieutenant Moraga located the settlement on the banks of the Guadalupe River, but within a year the location was moved to higher ground one mile south of the present site of the city of San Jose.

To encourage settlement, the Spanish government had offered sufficient lands, herds and implements for the needs of each family with a monetary bonus for three years. Sixty-eight persons took advantage of this generous offer and established themselves in adobe houses around a central plaza.

Twenty-one years later, in 1798, the *juzgado* or town hall was constructed and in 1803, a small church was erected.

The mild climate and fertile soil produced fruits and grains in abundance, which, with the rapid increase in herds made the colonists independent of help within a few years.

Spain lost her colony to Mexico in 1824 and a weak and unsatisfactory rule resulted. Few foreigners were allowed to enter this territory but those who were, wrote glowing accounts of the wealth to be made in this pastoral land.

Soon the United States began pushing her boundaries westward. The rush of immigrants to California in the forties made it extremely desirable that it become a part of the Union. Commodore Sloat's timely arrival in Monterey in July, 1846, the raising of the American flag and the subsequent military operations brought the territory into the United States at the close of the Mexican War.

At the Constitutional Assembly in 1849, San Jose was made the first capital. The legislature met in a frame building fronting the Plaza.

The discovery of gold in December, 1848, had resulted in a real estate boom. Values soared and the simple living of the early settlers was changed overnight. Life became frenzied and exciting and the tenor of

the times was well indicated by the name given to the first legislature. It was called the "Legislature of a Thousand Drinks."

Two years later political manipulation caused the removal of the capital to Vallejo in spite of every inducement the people of San Jose could offer to prevent it. This caused such a blow to business that twelve years elapsed before conditions improved. Then the completion of the San Jose-San Francisco railroad opened a new era of prosperity. Fine schools and colleges attracted new settlers and the beautiful homes and gardens of which this book is an account, began to take shape in the Santa Clara Valley.

HELEN WEBER KENNEDY.

Cherished Memories of Old San Jose Homes & Gardens

by

ISBEL O. MACKENZIE

THAT part of South Market Street which lies in the northwest curve of the present City Hall Park was in 1859 called Guadalupe Street. Here some of the early residents of San Jose had their homes. These homes beginning at San Fernando Street and terminating at San Carlos, are very interesting to recall, each one bearing as it did the influence of the nationality of the dweller: Spanish, French and Scottish. There was the John Auzerais home; the Sunol (an adobe), later the Etechebarne place; the Hernandez garden; the Donald Mackenzie; the Edward Auzerais, later the Marshall Hale's; and the Marmalejo, later the John Sinnotts.

The John Auzerais home, a long, low roomy house, was one of the first wooden homes in San Jose, the lumber coming "around the Horn." The veranda, extending across the front, was covered with the purple tinted passion vine, and the hallway running directly through the house opened on a colorful secluded garden. Here the hollyhocks grew wall high. The front land was surrounded by a high privet hedge; the pathway from the gate to the door was edged with boxwood and beds of vivid colored verbenas and garden pinks met the shrubbery. At the gateway stood locust trees grafted with pink scions. These were extremely attractive, with their perfume in the spring, a joy to the passerby.

Next was the picturesque adobe owned by the famous Sunol family, but in my memory, occupied by the Etchebarne family. The early Spanish custom of planting in pots of many kinds and sizes was noticeable there; in particular, brilliant potted geraniums placed at the edge of the cloister.

All I remember of the Hernandez garden was a broad grape arbor, beginning at the gateway and extending in a straight line to the balcony of the second story. When we ate the grapes they slipped easily out of their skins so they must have been the Isabella.

The Donald Mackenzie's, our own home, came next. The land faced the center of the Plaza, extending far back, a block or so. The house, well back from the road, was of the English Colonial type, and was built

by my parents in 1859. The garden to the front of the house was enclosed by an iron fence; one stepped up two steps to enter the gate, and a broad pathway from gate to door circled a rockery with a fountain having the figure of a woman on a great iron bowl. Although formal in character, our garden was not always regular, yet there was a very definite idea of balanced planting; white hawthorn trees across the front, palm trees in opposite corners of the land, magnolia trees in pairs, and laurestinus grouped on either side of the porch. Nevertheless, when the shrubbery and flowers were in bloom, all the regular outlines became softened. Syringas, white and pink oleanders, mock-orange, and purple lilac formed the high shrubbery in the long beds which were bordered with lavender, whose blossoms were gathered "before they were too ripe," for placing in the linen chests. Plants that very nearly took care of themselves were the favorites in the old time garden; periwinkle, valerian, hollyhock, feverfew, sweet briar which grew in great profusion, pomegranate and orange trees; and lemon verbena bushes, tree high. In the south garden, heliotrope grew to a great height, as did the fuchsias, sweet William, mignonette, roses, and wall flowers. The Lamarque grew about the library window as well as the Paul Neyron, the Marechal Niel, the Homer, the moss, sweet briar, and cabbage roses.

All the watering in our Mother's garden, in the early years was done by hand, from barrels on a sledge drawn by a wise old white horse called Toby and watered by an old Indian also called Toby! We younger children never knew whether the Indian was named for the horse or the horse for the Indian. This method of watering would explain the lack of lawns in the very early gardens. The water supply in these days came from an artesian well in the orchard, was raised by a windmill to a high tank from which the overflow ran into a lower large swimming tank; a tank not sunk in the ground but built up of heavy wood. The overflow from this tank kept the mint at its base always fresh and green. I believe in our home the mint's most valued use was to sweep the carpets which were tacked snugly down, close to the white base boards. Yes, it was also used for mint sauce served with spring lamb and perhaps for mint julep, early Santa Clara valley being famous for its hospitality and good cheer. A summer house covered with jessamine and honeysuckle and entered by arbours on either side was the usual setting for generations of "doll tea parties." I also remember an "herb bed" at the south of the kitchen door filled with thyme, sage, marjoram, and rosemary.

Someone has said "All beautiful flowers are admired, but only the sweet smelling flowers are loved; the kind our mothers used to have." In recalling the old home garden I find it is the sweet scented flowers that bring the clearest and dearest memories.

When the Marmalejo house became the home of the John Sinnott family, they found the garden planting had been largely along the south of the house. They restored and brought to great perfection a Banksia

rose "tree," the trunk of which was unusually large. Having been kept free from new growth, it formed an artistic screen for the lower veranda, and the blooming branches grew over the second story roof, making a beautiful shower of white and yellow blooms. Farther back a group of fig trees, the lower branches drooping to the ground formed a large room. An opening, facing the dining room, had been pruned away, leaving an entrance and giving a delightful vista of vivid colored hollyhocks, many colored four-o'clocks, a night blooming cereus, and a wonderful old lemon verbena tree, the perfume of which still lingers in the memory.

Gardens of North First Street

by

HELEN WEBER KENNEDY

THE early fifties saw the development of North First Street into a district of imposing residences. Many of the pioneers had become men of wealth and in their charming homes centered much of the social life of the City.

The Honorable Peter H. Burnett, first governor of California under American rule with Mr. C. T. Ryland and Mr. William Wallace, purchased a large tract on the west side of First Street. Governor Burnett reserved the north section for himself and in 1854 moved his house in from Alviso, residing here with his family for the next ten years.

When Mr. C. T. Ryland married Miss Letitia Burnett, they built adjoining her parents. This home was a dignified one, typical of the period, set well back from the street. Lawns and large shade trees surrounded the house. The orchard extended to the Guadalupe. The family continued to reside here until 1910. When Miss Ada Ryland passed away it was decided by the heirs to deed the property to the city as a memorial park.

Still standing is one of the largest black locust trees in the valley, also several old palms of the original planting. It is said that Mrs. Ryland possessed the first Amaryllis Belladona in the state, brought to her, in the fifties, by a sea captain.

Major and Mrs. Samuel Hensley owned twenty acres in this tract extending from First Street to Fourth Street and from Empire Street to what later became the railroad right of way. Their home was large and comfortable, built in the old Southern style. James R. Lowe was employed to landscape the grounds and it is said that he developed here one of the most beautiful gardens in California. Since Major Hensley's interests were largely in shipping and navigation, it was easy for him to procure rare and exotic plants from all parts of the world.

The periodicals of that day were most enthusiastic about the park, and quotations from several sources follow. In the issue of the year 1858 the Report of the California Agricultural Society states "The luxuriant growth and abundant fruiting of long rows of espaliers, the rare col-

lection of exotic trees, shrubs and plants; the rich fragrance of perennial blooms, combine to make this one of the loveliest places on the Pacific Coast." From Hare's Guide to San Jose in 1872 we quote the following: "Here the shell bark (hickory) stands beside the English walnut and the almond, on friendly terms, all thriving luxuriantly as though indigenous to the same clime." Frederick Hall in his "History of San Jose" wrote— "Here multifarious flowers greet the eye with every hue and perfume the ambient air with odorous breath. Here grassy lawns are shaded by gracefully hanging boughs, here gurgling waters sparkle like a jewelled queen; here the apple blossoms of a colder climate greet the magnolia from the South; here the fuchsia, the jessamine, the orange blossom, the heliotrope, the roses, array themselves in vernal splendor as if invited by Flora to a May day festival of the goddesses."

The estate was subdivided a few years after the death of Mrs. Hensley and it is said that, except for the very old pepper tree standing near the curb on Third Street, nothing remains of her garden.

After 1860, further developments in this street were made by T. Ellard Beans and James A. Clayton, both of whom achieved beautiful gardens.

Within the memory of most of us is the famous old Hotel Vendome of San Jose. It was built on the site of the former home of Josiah Belden, a pioneer of 1841. There were originally twenty-five acres in this property. The planting resembled an English park with specimen trees surrounding the large and comfortable home. In 1856, a visitor wrote— "For symmetry and elegance these trees have few, if any, equals."

It was in 1886 that the new hotel company was formed. In the landscaping of the hotel grounds, whether by accident or design, there was continued the same feeling of spaciousness created by shade trees, green lawns and winding drives, that had prevailed in the Belden estate.

In the San Jose "Pioneer" of December 20, 1899, appeared this description— "The grounds immediately surrounding the building consist of an exquisite labyrinth of shrubs and foliage and green lawns, bewildering vistas of beauty. Here a giant live oak more than a hundred years old bowed its patriarchal head in response to the tones of the first Mass in our valley. Now it clasps hands with parvenu peppers, figs and poplars above tennis courts and croquet grounds, as though it had survived centuries for this sole purpose. Mention might be made of splendid arching elms of old New England with their fretted domes of leaves and sky and the utterly prodigal display of flowers, shrubs and plants."

The San Jose Garden of Daniel Murphy

by

EVELYN ANN MURPHY

ABOUT 1860 the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy was built on First and San Carlos Streets. The architecture of the house was of no special period but rambling and inviting. The house was white with green shutters, and almost covered with honeysuckle and jessamine vines. An acre of garden gave this old fashioned home a delightful setting.

The house faced the east. Upon opening the gate one entered upon a wide expanse of lawn, bordered with violets. On each side of the entrance were tea and moss roses as well as fuchsias, and heliotrope. Along to the right, one passed another large lawn dotted here and there with lovely magnolias and dominated by a beautiful fountain of Italian marble that sent up jets of cool water in the shade of the tall trees.

Around the driveway to the rear of the house,one found an ivy covered stable housing the fine horses and rockaway—so typical of pleasant living in those days. From the carriage house a white picket fence skirted the south side and finally encircled the whole property. On the south it was particularly attractive, with hollyhocks, larkspur, and bushes of lavender. Sweeping up to the house on this side were banks of pansies, sweet William, mignonette, and sweet alyssum. In the center of these was an attractive arbor covered with lovely Castilian roses. This part of the garden could have been an ideal setting for Kate Greenaway's "Ladies in Poke Bonnets" and "Cute Children in Sun Bonnets."

To-day one of San Jose's largest buildings occupies the site where once this lovely garden grew, but its memory remains beautiful and fragrant as the day many years ago when I first was conscious of its sweet old charm.

"Lone Oak"

LAWRENCE ARCHER ESTATE

From Notes by

LAURA ARCHER KELLEY

IN 1852 Lawrence Archer and his wife Louise settled in San Jose, having journeyed by covered wagon from St. Joseph, Missouri.

Some time in the fifties they became enamored of a tract of land which had running through it, Coyote Creek, with its picturesque willows and other native trees. Here they purchased a half section, 320 acres, extending from what is now McLaughlin Avenue to Senter Road and from what is now Keyes Street to some distance beyond the present Phelan Avenue. The road to the village of San Jose was along the creek bank.

Two entrances to the estate were made, a side drive, curving around on the high ground, and the straight avenue entrance opening from Senter Road. Both had rows of trees, and some of the original cypress and eucalyptus remain on the side drive. The Avenue is still lined with gnarled old peppers planted many years ago. Extensive cherry orchards were also planted. Later the old farm house was moved, a larger house was built, the immediate grounds were elaborately landscaped, barns were constructed, and in 1868, we moved into the new home.

Today, there remain approximately 80 acres of the original 320, largely in walnut groves. Many of the original trees are still here. In the spring the old trees are a mass of Banksia blooms and one of the original wistarias still makes an enchanting pergola. The place was originally named "Lone Oak" on account of the superb specimen which grew near the entrance of the side drive. Part of the place is still called "Lone Oak" although my own home is named "Ar-Kel Villa" (Archer-Kelley) as Mr. Kelley and I built the house and arranged the grounds.

The Polhemus Place

by

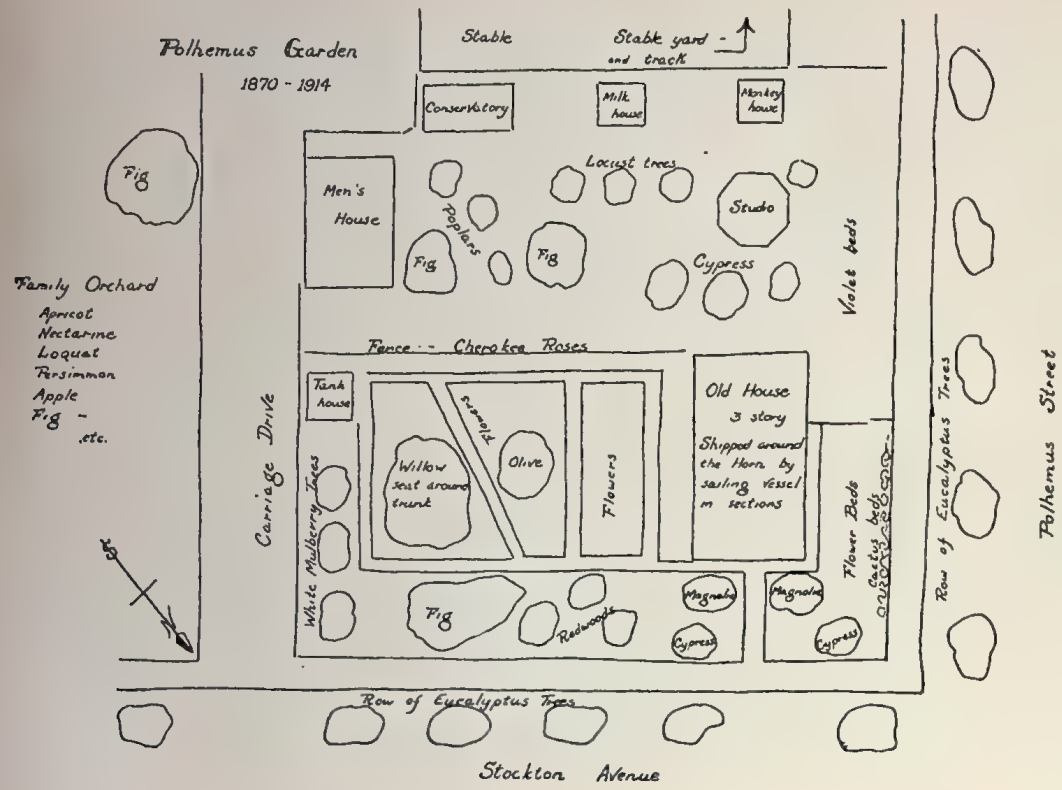
EDWARD R. POLHEMUS

THIS story is about the gardens surrounding the old Polhemus place located on the corner of Polhemus Street and Stockton Avenue, San Jose. Because the garden surrounding the home reflects to some extent the family that resides there, a brief outline of the Polhemus family as known in San Jose, might be interesting.

John Polhemus and his younger brother, Charles B. Polhemus, came to San Francisco in 1850 from New Jersey via South America, in which latter place they had engaged in importing and exporting for twenty years. In San Francisco they were connected with Alsop and Company, from whose front window it is said the Vigilantes hung one of the earlier frontier bandits. These brothers acquired a large tract of land in San Mateo County and lived there. This property is now the city of San Mateo and all records of title are traced back to the Polhemus name for validation. About 1868, shortly after the big earthquake in San Francisco, the two brothers and families moved to Laurelwood, which was a large ranch outside of Santa Clara, extending between Santa Clara and Agnew.

About the same time, with their cousin, Ed Hopkins, and three other associates, Flood, Newhall and Crocker, they built the railroad from San Francisco to San Jose.

As it was necessary to obtain a terminus for the line near the city of San Jose, the Polhemus' and Mr. Newhall purchased the Stockton ranch comprised of several thousand acres which was located between the cities of San Jose and Santa Clara. Part of this ranch was retained by the Newhalls and part by the Polhemus family. The main residence of the ranch was located on the Alameda on the property now owned by the Leib family, and it was there that Mr. J. H. Polhemus, elder of the two brothers, resided. According to the custom of the time of naming homes, this place was called the "Maple Hut." The grounds were laid out and planned by Miss Nellie Polhemus, who was the eldest daughter of John Polhemus. However, in 1870 this place burned


Polhemus Garden
1870 - 1914
Stable
Stable yard - and track
Conservatory
Milk house
Monkey house
Fig
Men's House
Poplars
Locust trees
Studio
Fig
Fig
Cypress
Violet beds
Family Orchard
Apricot
Nectarine
Loquat
Persimmon
Apple
Fig -
etc.
Fence - - Cherokee Roses
Tank house
Carriage Drive
Willow seat around trunk
Pomelo
Olive
Flowers
Old House
3 story
Shipped around the Horn by sailing vessel in sections
White Mulberry Trees
Fig
Redwoods
Magnolia
Cypress
Magnolia
Cypress
Flower Beds
Cactus beds
Row of Eucalyptus Trees
Polhemus Street
Row of Eucalyptus Trees
Stockton Avenue

and the family then moved to the present location at Polhemus Street and Stockton Avenue.

The house there had been ordered by Commodore Stockton from Massachusetts where it had been built of hardwood in sections and shipped around the Horn, together with a number of other houses, on a sailing vessel. The house was peculiar in that no nails were used. It was all dove-tailed together and pegged with hardwood pegs—even the shingles were hardwood. This was a three-story house and contained ten bedrooms. In those days the West was noted for its hospitality and at dinner time it did not seem to make any difference whether just the family were present or whether there were twenty-five or thirty extra. "Pendennis" was the name given to this house. (Included is a sketch which gives a general idea of the house, buildings and grounds on the two acres which immediately surrounded the house.)

This garden, like the one on the Alameda, was planned and planted by Miss Polhemus. At the front and back of the house were several cypress trees and directly in front and on either side of the path leading from the front gate to the front porch, were two magnolias. Along the Polhemus Street side were flower gardens and a hedge of cactus comprising a number af varieties. Between the hedge and the house was a bed containing all kinds of flowers. Back of the house was an octagon shaped two story studio and behind this a number of locust and poplar, as well as fig trees. A conservatory was built where semi-tropical plants were raised and a number of South American plants were imported with the hope that they would do well in our California climate. On the left side of the house a huge Banksia rose covered the entire building. To the left around the front garden were redwood, fig, and mulberry trees and a little farther back there was a high willow and an olive tree. Rows of shrubs lined a fence, which was one mass of Cherokee roses. In 1914 this house was burned to the ground and much of the garden immediately around the house was destroyed, including the magnolia, cypress and redwood trees.

A few years later the present house was built. It sets well back from the road and the gardens have been rearranged. A few of the old trees were left and some new ones planted. Where the old house stood a flag pole has been erected, surrounded by various types of flowers and shrubs. A new driveway was built fronting the new house and passing by the old studio which still stands. The conservatory is still in existence, although at present it is little used.

Three of the large fig trees are still left, as is the olive tree. The old willow tree was struck by lightning and broken during a storm.

While the above is not in any way a full description of the place or its setting, it will at least give a rough idea of the house and grounds.*

* All interested are invited to visit this old place, which is really one of the oldest continually cared for gardens in San Jose.

The Alameda
A Reminiscence

THE beautiful drive linking Santa Clara Mission and the Pueblo San Jose de Guadalupe was started under the direction of Father Maguin de Catala in 1799. Under his guidance the Indians had gathered slips of the black willows growing in nearby creeks and these were planted in three rows along a winding road extending from the Guadalupe river to the Mission gardens. The willows had reached perfection long before 1846, but in that year Edwin Bryant and later Bayard Taylor and many other travelers who visited the valley were greatly impressed by this avenue of stately trees. In their writings mention is made of their size and beauty, and the archway made by their branches, and the pleasure of a drive beneath them. Although the willow is not a long lived tree, as late as 1886 hundreds were still standing in the center line. At that time the old horse cars were to be discontinued and an electric system installed, through the center of the road. In spite of the protests of the citizens, the supervisors ordered the removal of the trees and San Jose lost another link with the old Spanish days. Three of the willows are still to be seen, about one mile from Santa Clara, each marked by a bronze plaque, donated by the Catala Club of Santa Clara University.

In the Mission gardens, now part of the University campus, there are still a few trees remaining from the Franciscan times. Four olives and one black fig may be seen. The old pear orchard formerly surrounded by its cactus hedge is now the site of the football field.

There were two notable homes built on the Alameda in the fifties. Judge A. L. Rhodes bought a piece of property near Stockton Avenue, on which was one of the houses Commodore Stockton had sent around the Horn for his subdivision "Alameda Gardens." It was an attractive two story frame house with the front porch enclosed by glass, over which at one time morning glories bloomed in profusion. A grape arbor back of the house led to a large orchard. Judge Rhodes lived here until his death in 1918, and the house remained nine years longer, always a point of interest to the passerby.

One mile farther towards Santa Clara, in what is now the Hester district, Judge and Mrs. Craven Hester bought 19 acres soon after their arrival in California. They planted ornamental trees and shrubs and an orchard. In 1857 the Judge won many prizes in horticultural exhibits, for the size and perfection of his fruit. However, it was not for his fruit, that the garden of Judge Hester is remembered, but for the lovely Gold of Ophir rose locally called the "Hester," that climbed over the trees within the boundary of his place.

Some time after 1860, Mrs. Mathilda Hill bought twelve acres north of the Hester Place, and built one of the largest homes in the city. Choice evergreens and shrubs were planted at this time. Later, Mr. William Clark, a pioneer of 1846, bought the property and continued the improvements. In time Mrs. Jerome Hart inherited the place and after many years, in 1921, sold it to Mr. and Mrs. William Leet.

This place is interesting, not only because of the charming house built there recently, but because of the efforts made to preserve the magnificent trees dating from the earlier plantings.

Mr. John McLaren directed the landscaping and by the use of lawns, vistas have been opened, showing the height of the old trees. There are groups of elms, Deodars, Monterey pines and eucalyptus, laurels, cypress, olives, peppers, loquat, and three Irish yews, all very old, scattered throughout the grounds. Back of the service yard are three gnarled black figs grown from cuttings brought from the Mission. The rear of the property contains a cherry orchard, perhaps the only example remaining of the family orchards, once so popular in the grounds of every home along the Alameda.

Across the street, Judge and Mrs. John H. Moore owned 14 acres. Their square colonial home was set back from the road. Many redwoods, magnolias, and lilacs, are recalled as special features of the place and one of the streets bordering the grounds is called Magnolia Avenue. In later years the Moore family bought the beautiful home on the corner of Schiele Avenue and still reside there.

The three Spence homes at Fremont Street, each set back in its garden of lawn and shade trees, were built after 1880. Dr. Gallimore and Mr. A. G. Huggins each built handsome homes in the subdivision near the College of the Pacific.

Toward Santa Clara much of the property was unimproved for many years, and wild flowers filled the fields in the springtime.

Almost at Santa Clara was Cook's Grove owned by Mr. J. Cook. It had been reclaimed and drained and trees planted in the early fifties. A shallow lake was on the property and was a great attraction when the place became a picnic ground at a later date.

Facing Agriculture Park was another district of impressive homes. The William Tisdale family lived at the turn of the road. From the pointed iron fence, lawns and pathways led to the house. Scattered

specimen shrubs and trees grew there, among them, oleanders, lemon verbena, and snowball have been recalled.

Next door came the Alexander Yoell home, featuring palm trees; while adjoining, was the Woodson property with its beautiful magnolias.

One home in the block near Stockton Avenue belonging to the McMahon family had a charming little garden. Behind a curving picket fence, stood a tall weeping willow, its branches sweeping the lawn. There was the usual grouping of shrubs in pairs on the lawn and back of the house, and hammocks were swung between cherry trees.

The Leib Garden in San Jose

by

LIDA LEIB ARMSTRONG

ONE of the most distinguished features of the Leib garden is the size of its fine old trees, for tradition states that some of the trees in this garden were planted when San Jose was a pueblo in the time of the early Californians who came up the coast from Mexico during the establishment of the missions. One of these trees, standing on what was the D. M. Delmas place, is said to be the largest eucalyptus in the valley, and probably the oldest.

There was a good natured and friendly spirit of competition among these early gardeners of San Jose. For example—Mr. D. M. Delmas built in his front garden a fountain, as an unusual feature, but along came Mr. Samuel Bishop soon after the Civil War and right next door to Mr. Delmas developed a show place with not only fountains, but statues as well about the grounds, quite out-shining his neighbor.

When young S. F. Leib, then a partner of Mr. Delmas, brought to California his Kentucky bride, he bought for her a narrow strip of ground from Mr. Bishop.

Mrs. Leib proceeded to make her garden as much like a blue grass farm as she could. She planted in front of her house a lawn, shaded by a loquat tree, called in those days an Australian plum, and added a smoke tree, and a row of palms along her front fence. For further development of her garden, she had to go to the rear of the lot. A handsome elm tree came with the place. She added an almond tree and a redwood, and three little garden beds, which she edged with violets, brought to her from Kentucky. In these beds, still grow of her planting sixty odd years ago, a tiny rose as small as the Rosa Rouletti, a bridal wreath, covered in early spring with a myriad of button shaped blossoms, an overgrown sweet scented yellow jessamine, and all of the roses of those days that she could find room for; Duchesse de Brabant, Agrippina,—rank growing as cabbage,—a treasured white rose, probably a Nephitos, and others still unidentified by modern rosarians.

Then the Delmas house burned down and was not rebuilt. Mr. Del-

mas took his family to San Francisco where he became one of our most noted criminal lawyers. His garden, so carefully planted with many rare trees imported from Europe, went to weeds and Bermuda grass, until it was bought by Mr. Leib, and reorganized. The Leib garden took on several acres with this addition. There was now a long avenue of tall white locusts, Sequoias and redwoods, and extensive planting, and next to the vacant lot where the Delmas family had pastured the cow, a long arbor, planted with every variety of grape that grew in California. There were also fig trees. One ancient Celeste is still in bearing, with its branches that spread and then droop to the ground, where they have rooted. Under its shade, are benches, cool on the hottest days. In the front of this property is a fountain, surrounded by flowers. Two pomegranates, two pepper trees, two mock oranges and the imposing eucalyptus tree are interspersed with rose bushes; the old Damascus rose, Castilian roses, a lovely pair of Safrano roses, now almost unattainable, and an arbor-covering Marechal Niel. The back garden has a beautiful specimen of the linden, evergreens of many kinds, ginkgos, ailanthus, hedge and specimen trees of box, all shading a large and well stocked gold fish pool. Berried shrubs of various sorts bring to the garden at the times of migration, rare and beautiful birds, who spy from afar the bright red or orange berries, and stop to refresh themselves on their way.

About 1880 the Bishop house burned down. Mr. Bishop moved farther down the Alameda, taking with him the plaster statue of heroic size that commemorated his three hundred pounds. He left, however, his two fountains and two urns of plaster, with niches in which cuddled comfortably two kind faced old lions, draped with the vines trailing from above.

Mr. Bishop's tales of his early adventures are still remembered and repeated by avid listeners, for whom he recreated the discovery of Yosemite, Indian fighting, and stage driving over hair-raising roads infested by quick shooting bandits.

Eventually, to balance the Leib garden this property, too, was purchased. Now it really looked like a Kentucky farm, with California features. Among these were the fountains in the best classic style; high basins in which stood damsels, scantily draped, pouring from ewers a trickle of water. Very white and very cold they looked till some bold spirit painted them green. The artistic effect was not helped; and they now cool their dark green heels in the brick house once devoted to choice vintages, but now a hospice for garden tools.

This brick house was surrounded by seven most lovely weeping willows, and back of them, was the almond and apple orchard, a veritable fairyland at blossom time. Willows and fruit trees lived the years of their species, and have been replaced by a collection of less lovely trees; the substitutions directed by a famous English water colorist; who insisted upon every sort of palm obtainable (his name being "Palmer"). Certain

native trees were added, including colorful fremontias, laurels, sycamores and a few maples, oaks and California walnuts. Tall redwoods and acacias have been scaled by adventurous passion vines, Banksia roses and the purple and white wistaria. At their season of bloom these trees become startingly florescent.

On fences and stumps climb smilax, bringing to those of a certain age, memories of chandeliers and bannisters, smilax-entwined for holidays or party occasions. For in this old garden the past and the present amiably rub shoulders. The flag lilies of our Grandmother's garden and Alta California are gloriously purple and gold. Poppies, wild, grow near poppies flagrantly improved to new size and colors. Tigridias vie with an older tiger lily, a garden with memories and an open mind.

The San Jose Garden of David Belden

by

KATHERINE H. HALL

DAVID BELDEN spent his early pioneering years in and around Marysville, Nevada City, and Sacramento, but when he and his young wife sought a place for establishing a home they chose the Santa Clara Valley. It was no accidental choice but a decision reached after traveling in Europe, visiting their respective former homes in New Jersey and Connecticut, and after exploratory trips in southern and central California. Judge Belden is reported to have said that of all the beauty spots in the world Santa Clara Valley was his choice for a home.

In 1869 Judge Belden purchased a strip of land from General Naglee. He later sold several lots, retaining for himself the northwest corner of Eleventh and San Antonio Streets. Here he built his home which was the center of his life thereafter and where his widow lived for the thirty-eight years she survived him.

Judge and Mrs. Belden were very fond of their garden and often took guests for a stroll while he pointed out new features or something he was especially interested in at the time. It might be linnets' nests in the double arch of Italian cypress inside the front gate, luxuriant purple blooms of the clematis at the south side of the steps leading to the hospitable porch, young black walnut trees on the sidewalks, or a new rose in one of the circular rose beds on either side of the gravelled walk. He liked to point out in the north lawn the Lawson Cypress, an especially fine specimen, or the symmetrical growth of the magnolia tree on the south side, the bed of pansies around the base of the palm tree in the southeastern corner, or the daphne bush nearby.

At other times interest centered in the hot frames in and around which were carried on horticultural experiments in testing new varieties of flowers, fruits and vegetables with the results of which Judge Belden was most generous to friends and neighbors. A Liliputian forest of live oaks just emerging from the acorns which he had collected with his friend, Bernard Murphy, from the latter's ranch at what is now Sunnyvale, was always a source of good natured jest. "Come sit under my oak trees," he would invite.

A visit to the hot frames generally led past the trellis of Isabella

grapes and smilax; under a Queen Ann cherry tree and an elderberry tree, and past a chicken house, charming enough for human habitation with its border of golden broom and its riot of Lamarque roses, Madeira vine and yellow jessamine, all but hiding the little house from view.

Unless the experimental gardens were all-absorbing, visitors were likely to saunter on past the carriage house and the barn and down the broad driveway in the shade of the English walnut trees lining both sides. Here they admired, according to the time of year, the plantings of fuchsias, coreopsis, dahlias, chrysanthemums, marigolds, petunias, bachelor's buttons, geraniums, purple and white iris, valerian, veronica, periwinkle, sweet peas, amaryllis, and tall cannas with their brilliant scarlet and gorgeous flame colored blossoms. A double Cherokee rose, a Marechal Niel, and a William Allen Richardson were lovely in blooming season.

In violet time especially, the lower end of the garden was delightful, for violets of many varieties filled the whole neighborhood with their delicious perfume. There were beds of rose-purple double Marie Louise, double and single white violets, little Russian violets, while the recently developed California variety lined the south side of the driveway. On the north side of the drive extended the choicest of all, a solid mass ten feet wide and a hundred feet long of the very fragrant double Parma violets. A row of stately callas bordered the north fence.

Many of the Judge's witty anecdotes were enjoyed under the weeping willow tree which stood midway between the driveway and the house, or in the adjacent summer house formed of ivy-draped Italian cypress trees in a circular planting. Here friends sat on summer days, sipping cooling drinks as they admired the Gold of Ophir and other roses which clambered over the summer house and north end of the porch.

When breezes from the north were a little strong, and on fine winter days, the south garden was the most enjoyable. There was an entrance from San Antonio Street under an arch of Italian cypress which supported a luxuriant growth of the Gold of Ophir rose. On both sides of the walk in season were borders of canterbury bells, sweet Williams, foxglove, bluebells of Scotland, stock, lavender, dusty miller, and agapanthus with an edging of cinnamon pinks. On the west side, the border swept around the inner edge of the lawn including among other old favorites, forget-me-nots, columbines, hollyhocks, penstemon, and rose geranium in the foreground with a screen of pink and white oleander, rose hawthorn, snowball, syringa, pampas, lemon verbena, sweet briar, and honeysuckle at the back. A row of cabbage roses edged the lawn on the street side, and two circular plantings in the lawn on the west and long rows on the street and inner edge of the east lawn included a great variety of roses: Marie von Houtte, Rainbow, Duchesse de Brabant, Papa Gontier, Madame Caroline Testout, a pink Castilian, Seven-

little-Sisters, Model of Perfection, Paul Neyron, Maman Cochet, Sunset, La France, General Jacqueminot, and moss roses. Edgings on this side were hen-and-chickens and sweet alyssum.

Two clusters of rose peonies and one of pure white grew in the east lawn. Judge Belden liked to tell how he planted them with the help and advice of Mr. James Tormey, who made a specialty of peonies in his own garden on what it now Fifteenth Street south of William. Many other flowers and plants in this garden carried similar associations.

The south porch, shaded in summer by wistaria, madeira vine, and a sweet-smelling little white climbing rose, was a delightful retreat at almost any season or time, but made a most romantic appeal to young folk on summer evenings at the full of the moon when a gentle breeze carried a mingled scent of night-blooming cereus, jessamine, mignonette, roses, lavender, and honeysuckle, with an occasional spicy whiff from cinnamon pink and the kitchen herb garden. Many young hearts have thrilled to the memory of that setting, and many older persons cherish peaceful reminiscences recalled by a fleeting familiar fragrance.

Mrs. Belden seemed to belong particularly to the south garden where she was often to be seen in picturesque garden hat, clippers in one hand and rose basket in the other, against a background of marguerites, pale pink single geraniums, heliotrope, plumbago, mignonette, dwarf begonias and lobelia which grew close to the house toward the front. Roses, especially the Duchesse de Brabant and Castilian, and all the sweet smelling blossoms and shrubs were her favorites.

Fruits there were in season in surprising variety.

Birds recognized the garden as a sanctuary. The shy quail nested under the honeysuckle, feathery balls freezing to invisibility the instant the mother warned of the approach of humans. The oriole sang joyously all day, after he had attended to the cherry crop, and the hermit thrush from the top-most branch of the weeping willow at sunset and on moonlight nights called his flute-like song. A screech-owl lived nearby and little hoot owls held a nursery school on the roof. Pigeons fed with the chickens, fraternizing with Bossy, the little Jersey cow, and Dolly, the carriage horse. Bush-tits and flycatchers plied their busy trade of insect collection. A pair of wrens nested year after year in a gourd over the kitchen door. There was also a bird house on a tall standard which was occupied every spring. Judge Belden tamed humming-birds by offering them honey in a teaspoon so that they would poise close before him, apparently looking for refreshment, and dart through the spray as he played it on plants. Ground-robins were almost under foot and occasional robin redbreasts with their attendant cedar waxwings rested enroute or sojourned during a snow storm on the Mount Hamilton Range. Linnets and at least three varieties of sparrows had their favorite haunts within the garden. Warblers and finches, once in a while a blue bird, a jay, a flicker, or a mocking bird were visitors. All were welcome.

Water always dripped for the birds even after the flowing artesian well was capped.

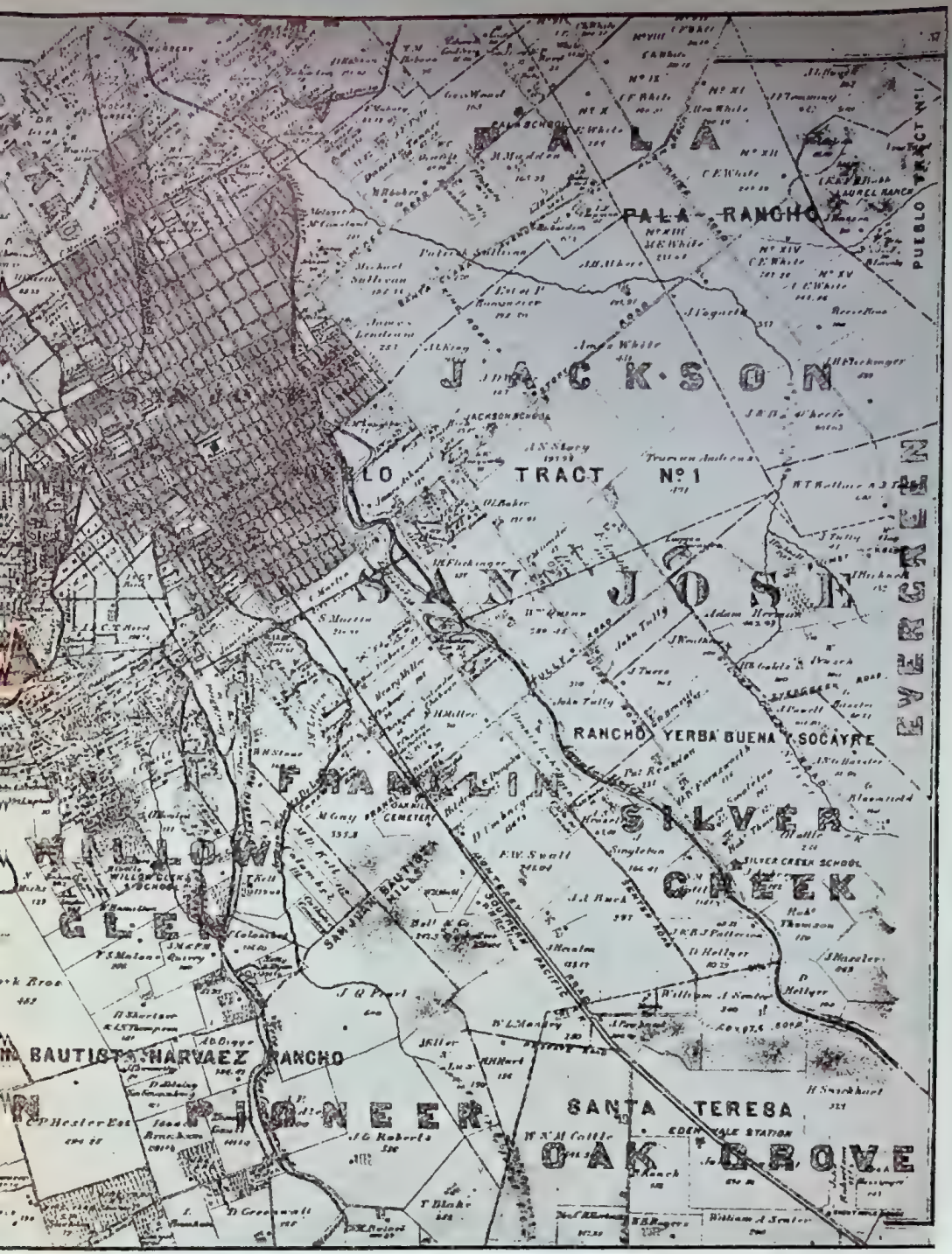
Toads sheltered by day in the sunken faucet guards, came out at night, and as visiting children firmly believed, went to work each evening at the order of the Judge, ridding the garden of slugs, sow bugs, and other such undesirables.

Judge Belden enjoyed his work bench as much as his garden, fashioning devices for use about the house, barn and yard. A sun dial in one part of the garden, a rain gauge in another; a sand glass, for the kitchen; a seismograph in the attic, are suggestive of the interests the busy jurist found time to cultivate. Perhaps the most fascinating piece of his craftsmanship was an aeolian harp which he designed, built and tuned. It hung in an upper north window, played upon by the prevailing breeze, its mysterious strains faintly heard throughout the house.

The framework of part of the original garden remains today. Many of the old fashioned flowers, although in less profusion, are to be found there. The same black walnut trees shade the parkings. The magnolia spreads its shadows across most of the south front lawn. The same peonies, laurestinus, plumbago and jessamine flourish. Newer roses have been added but many of the old bushes remain. The summer house is entirely covered with ivy and roses. The willow tree and Lawson cypress have given place to two magnificent live oaks from the Murphy-Belden acorns.

The grandchildren of Mrs. Belden's youngest sister play under the oaks; the little ones swinging, playing beckon or tea-party; the older ones enjoying an al fresco luncheon, water melon party, or barbecue. The spirit is there, linking the present with the past. The Judge and Mrs. Belden would be happy to know of the young lives making their beginnings in the setting they so lovingly cherished years ago.

FROM THE "NEW HISTORICAL ATLAS OF SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA,"



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The Morrison Garden

by

ETHEL SHORB

HIDDEN away in the heart of a city, the old-fashioned Victorian home of Miss Julia and Miss Esther Morrison, covered with vines and surrounded by age-old trees, stands at Julian and Fifth Street, San Jose, and is very aptly called "Paradise." The grounds cover nearly four city blocks with the entrance on Julian Street. In this lovely tangled garden are rare trees brought from China and other parts of the world, tucked away nooks, and the historical old vine covered cottage brought around the Horn in early days. The quaint little house is almost hidden under Banksia and Castilian roses and is now used as a studio by Miss Julia Morrison, the artist of the family. The cottage and grounds were bought by the late Mr. James Morrison, father of the Misses Morrison, from Colonel Grayson, known in early days as the "Audubon of California."

As one wanders through the extensive grounds of the old Morrison place one finds benches and rustic retreats, where tea is often served on summer afternoons. Also in the garden is the carriage house which still shelters the old family phaeton with its tasseled canopy and side lamps. In early days the grounds boasted a terrapin pond, as well as selected fruits and strawberries. It has always been noted for its famous roses so that at the height of the blooming season the late Miss Angela Morrison's famous cloth of roses luncheon became an annual event. In the spring the garden is gay with amaryllis, iris, daffodils and other bulbs. There is in the garden a huge weeping willow brought as a tiny slip to the family from Napoleon's grave at St. Helena by a naval officer. Then there is a cork tree and a trailing ivy brought in a bottle to California from Newstead Abbey, burial place of Lord Byron.

The old fig tree and the chickasaw plums in the grounds still bear luscious fruits. Tall eucalyptus and a noble oak lend dignity to the landscape. Every known variety and color of geraniums are used as border plants, or grown in great rustic pots. Trailing roses line the side of the main entrance and on either side of the broad steps leading up to the front porch are potted loquat trees laden with fruit during the season. Along one boundary is a row of old and gnarled pepper trees.

In spite of passing years and encroachment of the city, this fragrant garden still retains its sweet Victorian atmosphere.

The Bradley and Clayton Gardens

by

ENID SCHAUPP

HIDDEN away in a location where one would least expect to find it is a gem of a bygone generation: my Grandfather's garden. In it one can still trace the development of his ideas, modified by changes during each succeeding decade. He built well, as he intended, so well that his descendants have occupied this home continuously ever since.

His name was E. L. Bradley. He came from Bath, New York State, to Dutch Flat, California, in 1852. He removed to the Santa Clara Valley in 1873 for the health of his wife and children and for the education of the latter in the fine schools existing even then in San Jose. He was a founder of one of the banks and a moving force in the development of the community, a public spirited citizen.

He purchased ten acres on Sunol Street at the corner of Park Avenue adjoining the property of a close friend, Mr. Beal. The two homes and gardens occupied an entire block. Then he made a complete plan for a home and garden. Bearing in mind the big earthquake of 1866, he selected redwood of such sturdiness and weight that on that second morning of terror, April 18, 1906, the breakfast was cooked as usual on the kitchen range. The chimney and flue were undamaged and while others rebuilt their homes at great expense, one hundred dollars was all that was necessary for repairs to the Bradley home.

The house is a massive and substantial structure of splendid proportions without the ornate decorations of that period. It was designed by Levi Goodrich, the same architect who designed the courthouse in San Jose. There are porches with simple balustrades and bay windows with moderated curves.

The garden had a formal plan. It was enclosed by a white picket fence which ended at large gate posts ornamented with carved white globes. These supported carriage gates which were closed and locked every night. At either side small gates gave access to all who came on foot. A hitching post was conveniently placed at the street entrance and another in the back yard. To shade the driver or foot passengers a double row of locusts on Sunol Street and eucalyptus on Park Avenue were planted between the foot paths and the street.

On entering the gates one could drive either right or left around an

oval lawn or walk straight to the door on the gravelled path which divided it into two equal halves. The caller saw twin plantings with identical growths on either side of the lawn. First came two white myrtles, then two flowering peaches (a red and a white one), next two Dracena, beyond two magnolias, then two fan palms and finally two bridal wreaths at the far end nearest the front door. This formal front garden was enclosed by a well clipped cypress hedge.

Continuing around the house to the back yard, one passed on the right an elaborate rockery made of huge volcanic rocks. Odds and ends of plants trailed from between the cracks and nasturtiums climbed over it. Lady Banksias (white and yellow) were planted to shade the front porch and a white Lamarque grew over the south porch.

Between the house and the barn was a row of fruit trees; a nectarine, four cherries, a black Tartarian, two Royal Annes and one sour pie; also peaches, a pear and an apple. To the left of these again was a croquet ground and beyond it a large vegetable garden irrigated by tiny sluice boxes with an elaborate system of plugs. The water for these, as well as for other purposes, was supplied by a well and lifted by a wind mill.

The only flower beds were directly in front of the house and at the south side. These were not planted in serried rows of seasonal flowers as at present, but had lavender heliotrope, four o'clocks, blue and white iris, pink and white daisies and tiny blue violets sprinkled here and there; also rose geranium, dusty miller, and pink mallow shrubs.

On one side of the rockery which was in the middle of the south bed was a lemon verbena and on the other a specimen of topiary work, very popular in those days. A pink abutilon grew beside the wall, while around the corner toward the back door was a laburnum, and a lavender lilac. Over the door climbed an English honeysuckle brought from the Dutch Flat home.

There were few rose bushes then: only a red Agrippina on the lawn, a Ragged Robin at the back door and a pink Duchess on the north side of the house. A persimmon tree, a Japanese quince, some century plants and more topiary work were in a field on the outside of the aforementioned cypress hedge; also a spruce and a red cedar from the Sierra. A triangular bed at the intersection of the drives held a clump of pampas grass. Squeezed in by the front gates were more lilac bushes, lavender and white. An untimely death prevented my Grandfather from further developing this place.

Of all that early planting only one magnolia, one fan palm and one myrtle are left on the front lawn, while the old yellow Banksia now completely covers a greatly enlarged porch. The trick sluice boxes were removed and so was the rockery. Of the early fruit trees only one apple remains. The great white gates were discarded so that the driveway is now open at all times.

In spite of these manifold changes the garden is more beautiful than

ever because of a new spirit that has directed it for almost half a century. The place is essentially the same with the added dignity of the growth of the years plus an infinite variety of additional blooms. The man who is responsible for the present gorgeous garden is Mr. W. S. Clayton, who married Miss Anna Bradley, a daughter of the founder. He, too, is a descendant of an early settler in San Jose, a man who believed in gardens, so that the present garden in a way is a combination of the early Bradley and Clayton gardens.

Mr. James A. Clayton, the father of Mr. W. S. Clayton, a native of Darbyshire, England, crossed the American continent on foot in 1850 as a young man of nineteen. After many vicissitudes he bought a small home on Little Market Street in 1865. Then, growing more prosperous, he acquired a suerte, or eleven acres, from James Lick's estate on North First Street in 1880. He built a house and laid out a garden and in 1885 moved in. John Rock's nursery furnished most of his trees and plants and among them were, viburnum, Japanese maple, ginkgo, araucaria (monkey-puzzle), Sequoia gigantea, Sequoia sempervirens, Monterey pines, two paulownia trees with yellow Banksias climbing over them, two California bay trees at either side of the gate, as well as myrtles, pink weigelia, lemon verbena, syringa, arbor-vitae and two Washington palms covered with Virginia creeper. The lawns were square, bisected by a white path leading to the front door. In a round bed at the rear were Mediterranean orange trees, sweets and navels. The most striking feature of this garden was a border of eastern peonies on the drive at the north side of the house. The big pink double herbaceous peonies came from an earlier home in Wisconsin where Mr. Clayton had lived in 1840. These cuttings and plants were brought West in 1888 and were the source of supply for many of his neighbors' gardens as well as his own. At one side of this garden was a great field extending from First Street through to Guadalupe Creek. Through all the years of San Jose's development the stately house and garden were flanked by this great open hay field on one of the city's principal streets.

It would be beyond the scope of the writer to describe all the beauties of the present garden. There is never a season when quantities of flowers and shrubs cannot be gathered to decorate the many large rooms of the home. There is never a time when wandering through the gardens, that a special blend of the old growth enriched by the new, does not call up memories of the past to mingle with the present scene. One dreads to think that progress may demand that some day it be no more.

The Bernard D. Murphy Garden

by

EVELYN DERBY STOCKTON

THIS is the story of a garden, which I have never seen, built in 1869, one which lives now only in the memory of the children who once walked beneath its arbors and played beneath its trees. It was the garden of my Grandmother, Mrs. Bernard D. Murphy, when she lived on south Third Street. It was reminiscent of days when gardens must surround not only a home, but all that was necessary thereto: stable, carriage house, quarters for gardener, coachman, maids, laundry, and even in this case, a small school. So the most must be made of the space that was left for flowers and trees.

The garden was of the more formal type where everything was planted in pairs, and all was enclosed in a decorative fence. As one entered the gate, which was guarded by two Irish yews, the path swept past two tall cypress up to the broad steps of the house, at the base of which grew two golden arbor-vitae. Around the foundation of the house were thickly massed periwinkle and violets, while above, between the pillars of the porch hung great baskets of ferns and lobelia. Over the veranda scrambled the old fashioned Lamarque rose on one side and the deeply scented Marechal Niel on the other.

At the right and left of the house, graveled paths wound over the lawn, illuminated at night by glass enclosed gas lamps. The walk to the right, shaded by glossy leaved magnolias, led past bridal wreath, daphne, and mock-orange to a most significant spot to the children. This was a fern rockery, surmounted by a spraying fountain, a monument to a beloved dog, Prince, favorite of the entire neighborhood. His funeral was conducted with a pomp and ceremony that rivaled that of many a potentate. Beyond the rockery was the rose garden, where a high lattice fence, ablaze with Gold of Ophir, separated the front and rear gardens.

The lawn-girt path to the left of the house led past acacias and palms back to the outer entrance of the conservatory which was shadowed by an enormous pepper tree. Within were grown flowers to be cut and many types of ferns and potted plants, while in the center was a beautiful fountain and pool lovely with water lilies. Beyond the conservatory were three redwoods which had been brought down from Shasta County and

successfully acclimated. Behind the house, a long arbor, heavy with grapes in the fall, stretched from the rear veranda to the door of the school house where the governess presided. Here, through the open windows, child voices drifted across the grass and mingled with the notes of the birds that swarmed in the fruit trees outside. One must not overlook the big locust that sheltered the laundry, nor the tall cypress that spread its dark branches above the carriage house. My Grandmother, like Peter the Great with his trees, desired immediate effect so that when a bare spot appeared in the garden, she re-planted it with blooming shrubs instead of awaiting the slow development from seeds and small plants.

This was not the largest nor the most beautiful garden in early San Jose, but assuredly it was not the least loved.

The Enright Garden

by

LOUISE ENRIGHT REIDY

MY PARENTS, James and Margaret Enright, were pioneers of 1846. James Enright was one of a party that crossed the plains in a covered wagon, leaving St. Joe, Missouri, in April, 1846, arriving at Sutter's Fort in October, and, after resting a few weeks, continuing on to Mission San Jose, where he arrived November first.

It is interesting to note, that this party left St. Joe fifteen days after the Donner party had passed through, en route to the West, but, by taking the northern route through Utah and Nevada, they reached California safely.

My mother's parents, Robert and Ann Duncan, with four children, sailed into Monterey Bay in 1846, just three days after the American flag was raised. The family lived in the first wooden house built in Monterey, later moving on to San Francisco. In January, 1851, their eldest daughter, Margaret, married James Enright.

In 1849, my father bought land northwest of Santa Clara where he began farming. That same year, he and a Mr. John Brady went to the nearby mountains, felled the trees, and hand-sawed the boards for the first house which was then built on the ranch. This house fronted on El Camino Real.

In 1851 my father brought his bride, Margaret, to the ranch, and there they were happy till 1894 when death called my father.

They had eleven children, ten of whom grew to maturity. As the family grew, the house grew also, until it was a low, rambling structure of eighteen rooms. The house was weather-boarded, painted white with green shutters, and had eleven outside doors and a porch around three sides.

My mother was always a flower lover. She often told us of her first efforts at gardening; wild single roses and a purple thistle, gathered in the nearby woods, were her first flowers. Later a garden was laid out. The grounds of some three acres were enclosed with a picket fence, inside of which was planted a row of Monterey cypress, trimmed cone-shaped. Another row of cypress. trimmed in like fashion, outlined the garden proper.

To the north of the house and between the two rows of cypress, was the vineyard, divided by a driveway. The vines were vigorous and produced heavy crops of delicious grapes, the varieties including; Sweetwater, Rose of Peru, Hamburg, Mission or California, Muscatel, Catawba and Isabella.

To the southwest and between the two rows of cypress was a grove of Monterey pines, pepper trees and Italian cypress.

To the west of the house was the main garden, outlined by the inner row of cypress trees. A circular driveway divided the garden into an outside circle and an inner circle, in the center of which, was a large bed of verbenas of all colors. The remainder of the circle, filled with roses, shrubs, perennials and annuals was always a mass of color. The larger outside circle was planted to trees, larger shrubs and more roses. There were lilacs (white and purple), broom, lemon verbena, oleander, spiraea, mock-orange, snowball, laurestinus, jessamine, honeysuckle, cannas, humming-bird vine, wistaria, hollyhocks, dahlias, pampas grass and many other shrubs. The outstanding roses in this bed were; Cloth of Gold, Marechal Niel and Lamarque.

The garden continued on south and around to the east of the house, still outlined in cypress. The east garden was our pride. All choice and new plants were grown there. A small greenhouse, and later a larger one, housed many rare specimens. Every plant and shrub then known, that could stand the climate, was grown somewhere in the garden. Violets did wonderfully well. Especially deserving of mention was a light, double, purple violet, so full of bloom that the leaves were actually hidden. Lilies-of-the-valley, callas, gladiolus and many other bulbs were there also.

An apple tree, "King of Tompkins County," was planted close to the east porch and gave large crops of delicious fruit. Mother often pointed to this tree, saying, "In the fifties, I paid ten dollars for this tree and three other apple trees." South of the garden was the orchard. In fact this was the first orchard planted in that part of the valley. In return for being allowed to plant seedlings, a nurseryman gave my father grafted trees of the finest varieties of plums, prunes, peaches and apricots. Later pears, apples and figs were planted. All trees did well and produced immense crops of fruit.

In closing, I must say something about the wild flowers. Mother often said there were no fences between San Jose and San Francisco, and that, in early days, El Camino Real was only a trail through the oak groves, but, that, in the spring, the whole valley was one bed of beauty, wild flowers of every hue and color bidding one welcome to our glorious Santa Clara Valley.

Pastoria de las Borregas Rancho

HOME OF MR. AND MRS. MARTIN MURPHY

by

ELIZABETH CARROLL WHITTIER

PASTORIA de las BORREGAS RANCHO of 4800 acres purchased by Martin Murphy from Mariano Castro was bounded on the north by the Bay of San Francisco, on the south by the present highway, on the east by Lawrence Station and on the west by Stevens Creek. Adjacent to this Rancho was the 5,000-acre Rancho of Purissima Concepcion, the present site of Los Altos.

Martin Murphy's house was shipped around the Horn from Boston and was erected and completed here about the end of 1849. It has been steadily occupied since that date by six generations of the same family, from Martin Murphy descending to Don Patricio Murphy, Bernard D. Murphy and Mrs. Richard T. Carroll, last of the Martin Murphy family.

The garden, patio in design, was fragrant with Castilian roses, jessamine, passion vines, pomegranate and pepper trees. A second garden embraced great oak and fig trees. Planted by one of the Franciscan padres, there still stands a magnificent fig tree, whose branches have spread, descended and rooted so that under it eighty people can now find shelter.

To the east were the vineyards and orchards and beyond, green pastures and herds of cattle. Surrounding the house and garden were acres and acres of grain. Charles South says of this house, "It stood like a white ship in a sea of gold." Pastoria de las Borregas Rancho was a garden in itself with its lakes, streams, meadows and woods of oak, bay, sycamore, buckeye and Toyon trees, willows, wild roses and ferns: the home of the deer and the dove, the quail, the linnet and the owl.

A beautiful conception of the garden of Pastoria de las Borregas Rancho is found in these lines, by Daniel O'Connell:

"Fair daughters and sons of the Isle famed in story
Who live midst these scenes of enchantment so dear
May the paths of your lives be as fragrant and flowery
As the fields of your home in the spring of the year.
In many a land I roamed since my childhood
On many a scene did my eye fondly stray
But nowhere beheld I a valley or wildwood
To rival the landscape that sleeps by the Bay."

A Childhood Memory--The Arques' Garden

by

EVELYN ANN MURPHY

WHEN Ellen, youngest daughter of Martin Murphy, and Joaquin Arques were married in 1868, they purchased a ranch on the Lawrence "County" road three miles from the bride's former home at Pastoria de las Borregas Rancho.

A wide avenue of cypress trees led to a house of Colonial type, white with green blinds and spacious verandas. Lining the driveway that encircled the house were beautiful oak trees and planted beyond the drive were oleanders (pink and white), lemon verbena, broom, flowering quince, acacia, mock-orange, and many orange and lemon trees.

In the center of this acreage was a large rockery covered with calla lilies and sweet alyssum and the whole surmounted by a large, bronze swan.

Next the house were large flower beds. I recall lilacs, fuchsias, rosemary, lavender, red geranium and dusty miller. Tea and moss roses grew close by. Near the veranda were Castilian, Lamarque and Lady Banksia roses.

On the north side of the side of the house was a croquet ground. Nearby, hammocks and chairs were placed under mulberry and catalpa trees. Adjoining was the orchard and beyond lay the vineyard with choice varieties. There was an olive grove through which one drove to the stables.

Another memory is of the artesian well and large duck pond almost hidden by weeping willows.

There is a nostalgia for scenes long past, aroused by vague scents and sounds and fleeting vistas and no one has expressed the feeling better than Lowell when he says:

"How strange are the freaks of memory
The lessons of life we forget
While a trifle, a trick of color
In the wonderful web is set,
Set by some mordant of fancy
And in spite of the wear and tear
Of time or distance or trouble,
Insists on the right to be there."

New Park

A COUNTRY HOME OF THE SIXTIES

by

MARIAN MACE BEAVER

MANY a young San Franciscan when driving down El Camino Real through the city of Santa Clara, must have noticed with interest the forbidding adobe wall extending for blocks along the right side of the highway. The wall is palpably modern but behind stand thickly foliaged trees so magnificently grown that to discerning eyes they proclaim their age as at least four score.

No one could even casually notice the place and not be consumed with curiosity as to what the high wall once guarded and who strolled under the glorious trees.

The wall, dignified and restrained, encloses the convent and grounds of the order of Carmelite nuns. One can imagine the gentle sisters in their dark mediaeval habits walking silently under the maple trees.

But in other days when this place was the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Pierce and their large family, the maples resounded with the joyous laughter of seven growing children.

J. P. Pierce bought the estate from William H. Lent in 1866. It then consisted of one hundred acres. Mr. Lent had already planted a fine avenue of maples leading to the main house as well as many other rare and beautiful trees such as catalpa, linden, Pride of China and English hawthorn. These had already attained their full growth.

Mr. Pierce developed the property to a great extent and named the place "New Park" after his grandfather's home in England. He enlarged the house, modified Georgian in style, and surrounded it with ample grounds, beautified by an abundance of flowers and shrubbery. Sixty acres were planted in vineyard, twenty-five in orchard (comprising Bartlett pears, French prunes, cherries and apricots). The balance of the acreage was occupied by the winery, summer houses, tennis courts, servants' quarters, and ornamental grounds.

The feature of the place was an enormous grape arbor leading from the rear of the house to the stables. No English pleached walk was ever finer. It was so wide five carriages abreast could drive through it. Smaller

grape arbors were built on the axes, and in the squares formed by these arbors were planted fruit trees.

In the autumn the grapes hung in rich clusters from the arbor. Once when a bunch of unusually large grapes was noted on a particular vine, a cutting was taken from it and grafted on to other vines. This was the origin of the large table grape now called the Isabella Regia, or as it is sometimes called, the Pierce.

In the conservatory were rare and beautiful plants brought from the world over. One side of the interior of the green house was covered with a night-blooming cereus. People often came from a distance to watch the lovely waxen flowers opening in the darkness. A collection of begonias, stephanotis, gloxinias and rare ferns was also of great interest.

In the front of the house were many examples of landscape gardening of the period. There were elaborate beds planted in patterns with various colored flowers. A variety of coleus was used for an enchanting old-fashioned bed of ribbon design. There was also a profusion of rose bushes and many unusual chrysanthemums no longer seen.

Jack London, who visited "New Park," speaks of it in "The Call of the Wild"; "It stood back from the road," he said, "half hidden among trees through which glimpses could be caught of the veranda that crossed it on three sides. The house was approached by a gravel highway which wound about through spreading lawns and under the interlacing boughs of tall trees."

Truly, an ideal country home in those days. These memories of "New Park" give us a feeling of dignity and vastness not found in our homes today. Though the house no longer echoes to the sounds of gayety and laughter, perhaps the beautiful trees, the elaborate grape arbors, and the colorful flowers are being revived again, unseen, behind those high, forbidding walls.

Naglee Park

by

HELEN WEBER KENNEDY

GENERAL HENRY C. NAGLEE purchased the 140 acres just east of San Jose many years before he had an opportunity to build his home there. The property extended from 11th Street to Coyote Creek and from Santa Clara, east to William Street.

An orchard and vineyard were started in 1858 but it was not until the close of the Civil War in 1865 that the General was ready to start the landscaping of his grounds.

During the years following his arrival in California in 1847, General Naglee had become one of the State's most prominent citizens. He had helped to found the first banking house in San Francisco and had invested extensively in real estate throughout California.

A letter published in the "San Jose Pioneer" in 1877 gives a vivid picture of the park as the writer saw it. He says, "On entering the grounds, I was somewhat reminded of an English nobleman's park; there was such wealth and variety of foliage on so small a space. The roads, twenty-two feet wide, macadamized as perfectly as those in Central Park, were lined on both sides with Monterey cypress. At one approach to the grounds these cypress have locked arms across the avenue forming a dense evergreen elliptical arch fifteen feet over the roadway, an evergreen tunnel, two hundred feet long.

"Here I found evergreens from every clime, the Deodar cedar from the Himalaya Mountains; cedar of Lebanon from Palestine; Chinese, Japanese and Oregon cypress; the Sequoia Washingtoniana gigantea; every conceivable variety of the arbor-vitae and seventeen varieties of acacia. Monstrous century plants were dotted here and there,—one just out of flower. The great palms of Mexico and Panama were there in all their majesty. Enormous dracenas, laurestinus, and all plants from New Holland (Australia) flourish here in the open."

Mr. Frederick Hall writes, "The exquisite flower beds are adorned with a myriad of blossoms of every hue. Here is the magnolia in all its splendor, the heliotrope, fuchsia, geranium, oleander, jessamine, clematis, ivy and honeysuckle."

To one side of the park lay the winery and vineyard. Here was produced the celebrated brandy to the perfection of which General Naglee devoted so much of his time and means.

Many years after the owner's death, the property was sub-divided and most of the planting was destroyed. A few redwoods and palms near Fourteenth Street are all that remain to mark the site of one of early San Jose's garden spots.

The Gardens on the Milpitas Road

by

BETHEL BOWDEN BURBANK

THE TRIMBLE RANCH

ALTHOUGH John Trimble was not among the earliest of the pioneer settlers of Santa Clara Valley, his home is of particular interest because it is one of the few original frame houses surrounded by a beautiful grove of trees of the original planting.

John Trimble came to California by ox team in 1849 and engaged in farming operations near Berryessa until 1852. He returned to Missouri in '52 and brought back to California the following year, his bride, Miss Mary Jane Miller. They lived on his Berryessa property until 1857 when they moved to the present home which was purchased from Hon. S. D. Houghton. This house, which was built in 1854, was a story and a half white frame structure with porches on three sides. Originally, it had a white picket fence around it and, strange as it may seem at this early period, a pair of Italian cypress trees on either side of the entrance walk. There were several magnificent native oaks and the usual large sycamore and willow trees along Penetencia Creek, which was the western boundary of the ranch.

The beauty of the garden was due to its fine trees and shrubs rather than to its flowers. The trees were so huge and so thickly planted, that the place seemed more like a park than a garden. The low white house was so dwarfed by the large trees, that it had something of the fairy tale aspect of the "little house in the woods."

The house, set well back from the Milpitas road, was approached by an avenue of eucalyptus trees. In front of these trees was a border of white marguerites and red geraniums. Near the house the drive made a right angle turn about a circular bed of red cannas. Under an enormous eucalyptus tree beside this bed was the "carriage block" where visitors dismounted from their carriages.

Lawns stretched away from the house on three sides and were thickly dotted with trees and shrubs, — locust, mulberry, walnut, magnolia, loquat, elm, redwood, Sequoia, palm, acacia, hawthorn, maple, cypress, bamboo, and even a monkey tree, to mention only a few.

Many of the walks were bordered with rose bushes. Climbing roses,

wistaria and trumpet vines were trained over the porches. In a protected corner near the chimney grew clumps of five fingered ferns brought from La Honda. On one side of the driveway under the walnut trees was a large bed of violets and jonquils.

It requires no great stretch of the imagination to re-envision such a ranch house which in its day, must have been the goal of many a delightful Sunday drive out of old San Jose.

THE GARDENS OF JOHN TOWNSEND AND MOSES SCHALLENBERGER

TWO of the most interesting and beautiful gardens in the San Jose-Milpitas district are those of John Townsend and Moses Schallenberger. Both are located on Schallenberger Avenue on the west bank of Coyote Creek about two miles north of San Jose.

Dr. John Townsend, his wife and his young nephew, Moses Schallenberger, were members of the famous "Murphy Party" that entered California, in 1844, with the first wagon train to make the hazardous journey across the plains via the Humboldt sink.

For two years. Dr. Townsend was Alcalde of San Francisco. In 1849 he moved to San Jose. Here he occupied an adobe house on the property later developed into one of the loveliest gardens in the valley by his son John H. M. Townsend.

When Dr. and Mrs. Townsend both died of cholera in 1850, their infant son was reared by his uncle and guardian, Moses Schallenberger.

Moses Schallenberger was married in 1854 to Miss Fannie Everett of Alabama. They built their first home about 1855, having previously lived on the Townsend estate.

The original home was a small white brick and frame house with a porch around it, which Mrs. Schallenberger, being Southern, called a gallery. On each side of the front were beds with an Italian cypress in the center. Around the house were simple old fashioned flowers such as verbenas, stocks and *fleur de lis*. Roses and wistaria covered the galleries. In 1870 this house burned but a new house was built on the same site shortly after the fire.

About this time young Mr. John Townsend, who had been sent to England to complete his education at Cambridge, returned with his bride, Miss Kate M. A. Chisholm. They took up residence with the Schallenbergers who had prepared an apartment for them in their new home.

It is to John Townsend and the ideas of landscaping which he acquired in England that the Schallenberger garden primarily owed its beauty. He, himself, planned and supervised its development.

The house was a typical Victorian residence—wide front steps with bay windows on either side and porches or galleries all around. A lattice fence covered with honeysuckle divided the front part of the grounds from the "back yard" or service area.

First of all should be mentioned the natural beauty of the place. Situated as it was on the bank of Coyote Creek, there were many beautiful oaks and sycamore trees as well as willows and native shrubs.

A driveway entered from the south end of the property and approached the house in a curve making a half circle in front of the entrance. There were loquat trees in either half of the circle and also two wistarias trained on stakes. The gallery, as usual, was covered with roses, wistaria and a humming bird vine. The drive way was bordered on the south side with a row of eucalyptus trees and under them a gay planting of verbenas. Near the entrance of the drive was a group of Monterey cypress which had grown from tiny plants, brought in his handkerchief, by Mr. Schallenberger from Monterey. Next to this group of trees was the croquet court bordered by an evergreen shrub having a flower like a blue brush. Near the court at the edge of the orchard was a huge cherry tree literally covered by a yellow Banksia rose.

Just south of the house was the "roserie," a distinctly English touch, laid out in formal manner, the beds edged with double blue violets.

On the north side of the house grew a clematis and varieties of fuchsias, lilacs, lemon verbena and a shrub about three feet high called "sweet bud." Everywhere *fleur de lis* edged beds and walks. In addition, each of the daughters of the family had a "little girl garden" in which she planted her favorite flowers. Dr. Margaret Schallenberger McNaught had in one corner of her garden a small eucalyptus with a fragrance similar to lemon verbena called "eucalyptus citriodora." One can only hope that somewhere in San Jose is still cherished some offspring of that early sweet scented parent tree so lovingly tended by the young Margaret.

THE GARDEN OF MRS. JOHN H. M. TOWNSEND

YOUNG JOHN TOWNSEND and his English bride lived with the Schallenbergers until their own home was ready. The large frame house in the middle of a stubble field adjoining the Schallenberger place, offered a real challenge to its owner.

Just before Mr. Townsend planned his garden he attended a funeral and had such trouble getting out, due to the inadequate driveway, that he planned the drives about his house in such a way that he could get around the house in any way without difficulty. The driveway enters from the south end of the property and sweeps past the house in a wide

arc and out the north. Another road circles the house. Before the front door are two magnificent old Deodars and two magnolias in a circular plot. Beyond the drive are large beds filled with practically every variety of lilac, camellia, and oleander. Pine trees were brought out in coal oil cans and some of the roses came across the plains.

Mrs. Townsend was very lonely so her garden was her main interest and comfort. She attempted to copy the English type of garden with lawns, rose garden and grouping of trees. She complained bitterly that in this new country "things grew too fast."

Three elm trees planted close together are now probably one hundred feet tall and the tree trunks seem like one. She saw advertised a sweet smelling Chinese shrub which she bought and which turned out to be an umbrella tree, now taller than the house.

Two of the most interesting specimens on the place are a lovely English thorn and a wonderful old mulberry tree, which Mrs. Townsend brought from Cambridge, growing it from a seed of the famous Milton mulberry.

Part of the Townsend ranch was rented by John Rock, who later, with Fox, started the California Nursery Company at Niles.

We cannot leave this section without at least mention of the Joseph Aram home, now the Clarke Nursery, which has the largest gum tree and the largest camellia tree in California, as well as a very ancient cork oak.

Other well known gardens on the Milpitas road were those of James Murphy, D. C. Vestal, Mark Farney, Hanchett, Fox and G. W. Tarleton, the last named with its beautiful driveway bordered with roses.*

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* Roses grown from cuttings taken from the old varieties in this garden may still be seen in the Municipal Rose Gardens in San Jose.

South Third Street Gardens

by

CATHERINE DUNNE HERSEY

I HAVE been asked to write about some of the gardens on South Third Street in the earlier days of San Jose.

My mother's garden was planned and planted in about 1875, by Mr. Ward, an Irishman of great experience and good taste at a time when the more formal or balanced type of gardening was just becoming popular. Great space was given over to lawns on which many trees were planted, two of each variety; two fan palms in the center of each lawn, then two magnolias, two laurestinus, two oleanders, two pittosporums and so forth. For the required balance on either side of the front entrance there were two huge clumps of white calla lilies. On the south side, where the dining room and side porch were, Mr. Ward had planted oranges, lemons, lilacs (both white and purple), lemon verbena, rose geranium and other fragrant flowers; but the part of the garden that gave us the most joy was a real rock garden, full of interesting plants from ferns to sedums. The rocks themselves, some quite large, were brought down from Alum Rock Canyon. The rockery extended from the front entrance around a bay window which formed the southwest corner of the house. As this was a sheltered spot, there grew the fuchsias that reached high up on the walls, and heliotropes, all but trees, of several shades of purple, some light, some dark. On the side walk were elms, which grew to princely size, admired by everyone.*

Professor Charles Allen, who lived directly across the street, had a lovely old-time garden, with many arbors covered with climbing roses. He had pomegranates and cherry trees on the south side, but best of all was his bulb garden, planted, if you please, in huge boxes, set on legs, the shipping containers of the square pianos which were used in those days. It was the finest and best collection of bulbs in San Jose at that time.

Farther south on the same street was the home of the Davis family, with a much older and larger garden than ours. It occupied a full half block. This was a beautiful estate, perfectly maintained, with low box hedges around all the flower beds. A large glass house contained rare plants that were the envy of the entire neighborhood. Across the street

from this garden was the Burell home, where the garden is still maintained by one of the family, Mrs Viva Law, a beautiful green spot on a now busy street corner.

On William Street, just around the corner, was the estate of Dr. Stone, a dignified, beautiful place. Climbing roses and great tall trees added to the beauty of the extensive lawns. Mrs. Murphy Colombet lived there in later years. Her charming daughter, Mrs. Morgan Hill, often entertained there. Well remembered from this garden are the beautiful flowers that always decorated the house.

Two things which stood out in the earlier gardens were the roses and the lilac trees. Lilac trees were in every garden, however, small. Had Alfred Noyes lived in San Francisco in the early eighties, he would probably have written, "Go down to San Jose in lilac time." There were not many varieties of roses, but they were colorful. Yellow Marechal Niel, Cloth of Gold, white Lamarque, Lady Banksias (white and yellow); these, and the bush roses were planted everywhere, a veritable city of roses. It is pleasant to know that, through the untiring efforts of our distinguished friend, Mrs. Charles Derby, San Jose has now one of the finest public rose gardens in the United States, and so is true to its early traditions.

* I have a full list of trees and shrubs and plants in this garden, more than forty in number, should any member of the Garden Club care to see it.

Notes on Horticulture in Early San Jose

by

H. M. BUTTERFIELD, M.S.
University of California

IT WAS on August 13, 1853, that a group of San Jose pioneer horticulturists met under a large live-oak belonging to Louis Prevost for the purpose of forming a horticultural society. This small group of men made important horticultural history. Present beside Mr. Prevost were William Daniels, J. R. Bontemps, B. S. Fox, E. W. Case and L. Phillips. In a few months the band was strengthened by other fine men including Captain Joseph Aram, J. Q. A. Ballou, R. G. Moody, Judge D. Devine, L. A. Gould of Santa Clara, Thomas Fallon, and John Lewelling of San Lorenzo. There was an enthusiasm which encouraged members to meet once a month through 1854. Fruits and flowers were brought to the meetings where the merits of the exhibits were compared. It was during these early years that the fruit growing capacity of Santa Clara Valley was determined. How many of you today could locate the site of the early homes of these pioneers? It would be well worth while to visit some of the old places which are still standing today.

A call for agriculturalists to meet at the City Hall was given by F. B. Murdoch, editor of the "San Jose Telegraph" in 1854. Captain Joseph Aram and O. P. Watson were appointed to draw up a constitution for an agricultural society. Later Dr. L. H. Bascom became president, J. F. Kennedy, secretary, and on the Board of Managers were included Captain Aram, James Houston, William R. Bassham, and Samuel Robinson. The Committee on Horticulture included Joseph Aram, J. F. Kennedy, William Daniels, Louis Prevost and John Morse. In 1857 the two societies were consolidated under the name of "The Agricultural and Horticultural Society of the Valley of Santa Clara." From time to time new faces appeared at the meetings and some of the newcomers became

officers. Fairs were held from 1856 on and under great difficulties until 1859, when the state legislature passed a law that gave financial assistance to county agricultural societies.

Finally a park site was purchased for $6000 from General Naglee on the Alameda between San Jose and Santa Clara, bounded on the east by Page Street, on the south by Union and South Street, and extending westerly toward Moore Street, the total area occupying 76 acres. A total of 2,600 forest and ornamental trees were planted out before 1860. Donations were solicited in 1859 to pay for the fair grounds, but expenses had been over $16,000 the first year, including the cost of the grounds.

Old maps show the location of many interesting homes and farms dating back to early days, many being established before 1860. Among the homes which were of great interest before 1860 might be mentioned those belonging to William B. Thomberg (Laurel-Wood Farm) later the residence of the Donohue family, the farm of Mr. Southworth (later belonged to W. W. Montague) known as "Riverside," just to the north, James Lick's farm just north of Riverside Farm, C. Peeble's farm located about one and a half miles north and on the opposite side of the highway from Riverside Farm, Dr. L. H. Bascom south of Santa Clara, Captain Joseph Aram's orchard and nursery where the Clarke nursery now stands on the Milpitas Road at Coyote Creek, B. S. Fox's San Jose Nursery just across the road and slightly south along Coyote Creek, Sanderson's nursery on the east side of Milpitas Road nearer San Jose, D. T. Adam's apple orchard near the place of William O'Donnell, Colonel Coleman Younger just north of San Jose, orchard of E. W. Case one mile north on Milpitas Road and near the farm of Colonel Younger, Major S. J. Hensley's place on North First Street with many rare exotic plants, James R. Lowe (Landscape gardener) adjoining Major Hensley's place on the south, orchard and nursery of Louis Prevost in the west part of San Jose along Guadalupe Drive, Antonio Delmas just to the north facing on Santa Clara Street, and the orchard and nursery of L. A. Gould at Santa Clara. It has been possible to locate several of these old places so their original location can be identified today.

Several of the old homesites and trees are still to be seen. Riverside Farm is still interesting but Laurel-Wood Farm has been subdivided and most of the old trees replaced by pear orchards. Hensley Park on First Street and Live Oak Park (site of the old Prevost place) are gone but Prevost's old home was still occupied by A. S. Williams in 1922. Other homesites might be visited to see if old trees or plants still remain. Among these are the homes of Dr. L. H. Bascom, Colonel Coleman Younger, James Lick, J. Q. A. Ballou, John Trimble, M. Schallenberger, L. F. Sanderson, J. H. Ogier, W. Winslow, E. McLaughlin, J. W. Briggs, Riverside Farm, and several others.

J. H. M. Townsend's home stands just north of Clarke's Nursery, and

was established in 1873. Captain Joseph Aram's Nursery where Clarke's Nursery now stands is well known. John Rock's old place on Coyote Creek and Rock Avenue has also been visited. The Alviso adobe stood one mile southeast of Alviso. Guadalupe Berryessa lived on land owned by A. Richard in 1881. Julio Valencia's farm belonged to William Shields in 1881. Jose Maria (son of Ignacio Alviso) lived near Lick Mills. Peter Ogier had old Domingo Alviso's tract in 1881. William Erkson joined uncle A. C. Erkson, in 1852. This farm was owned by Mrs. Fenton in 1881. The Higuera family lived in an old adobe bought by Jacob Hanson about 1854 and belonging to Mr. Choas in 1881.

John Rock lived at north edge of San Jose. His nursery was located further out on Milpitas Road. He did not move to the site further out on Coyote Creek until about 1879. He helped establish the California Nursery at Niles about 1884.

A. M. Lavalle moved to the west side of Coyote Creek on the property of late Edward McLaughlin. Later he sold his nursery trees to H. Winchell, China Smith and William Smith. They continued the nursery at the McLaughlin location on McLaughlin Avenue and William Street.

Louis Pellier lived on the west side of San Pedro Street near St. James Street. His place was later known as "Pellier's Gardens."

Elisha Stevens settled on Stevens Creek (Blackberry Farm) in 1848.

General Henry M. Naglee had 140 acres extending from just east of Tenth Street to Coyote Creek on east and from Santa Clara to William Street. His home stood at about the corner of 14th and San Fernando.

Captain Joseph Aram had 32 acres where he lived in 1853. The Woolen Mills were later built on this location. (Northeast corner San Pedro and Hobson.) He located his orchard and nursery on Milpitas Road at Coyote Creek in 1856.

Mr. Louis Prevost, located at the site of the present Charles Navlet Nursery Company, started in business in the early 50's. In 1854 he had 10,000 roses and by 1858 had increased this number to 20,000, according to the California State Agricultural Society Report, see page 257. In 1858 he had 12 varieties and 4,000 lilacs, etc. In 1922 A. S. Williams was occupying the old Prevost home. Mr. Prevost became intensely interested in the production of silk and wrote a book on this subject. He finally became bankrupt, due to the failure of his silk mill. Ultimately his place was known as Prevost Gardens.

Perhaps the second largest grower of roses in San Jose in early days was Mr. William O'Donnell, who up to 1856 had been associated with his brother in San Francisco. In the first two years after William O'Donnell moved to San Jose he had increased his rose stock to 6,000 bushes in several varieties.

Another grower of roses in San Jose was Antonio Delmas, who lived on Delmas Avenue near to Mr. Prevost. In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight he had 2,000 roses in 40 varieties.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOMES.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE

OF THE

SAN JOSE NURSERY,

FOR 1857-58.

L. PREVOST,

PROPRIETOR.

Comprising a List of

FRUITS, ORNAMENTAL TREES,

SHRUBS, **FLOWERING**

ROSES, **PLANTS.**

ETC., ETC. ETC., ETC.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA:

NURSERY AND FLOWER GARDEN

AT THE NEW WHITE BRIDGE ON THE GUADALOUPE RIVER, JUST ABOVE THE CITY MILL.

[Telegraph Print.

(FACSIMILE)

Roses

Each, $1. Per Hundred, 70c. Per Thousand, 60c.
* Abbreviation — P. perpetual or monthly.

Amanda Patenotte: Pale rose, full and sweet. (P)
Aubernon: Fine red and carmine. (P)
Augusta: Saffron yellow, very fragrant. (P)
Baron General Dufour: Fine red. (P)
Barronne Prevost: Deep rose, very large and full; indispensable. (P)
Bengal: Clear red. (P)
Bengal Cels: Blush, a most profuse bloomer. (P)
Bougére Tea: Bronzed rose, a superb variety. (P)
Bourbon Herseline: Bright rose, very pretty. (P)
Bourbon Jaques: Clear rose. (P)
Bourbon Pere de St Cyr: Light rose. (P)
Bouton de Flora: Fine rose, most beautiful buds. (P)
Cande: Purplish red rose, free bloomer. (P)
Chromatella: Chrome yellow, very beautiful. (P)
Cramoisie Superior: Rich velvety, crimson. (P)
Comte Robinsky: Crimson scarlet, most brilliant. (P)
Daily White: White, very pretty. (P)
Devoniensis: White yellowish, deeper in the center. (P)
Du Roi: Most beautiful red; great bloomer. (P)
Eugene Sue: Bright rose, very fragrant, globular. (P)
Flagelot Tea: Whitish. (P)
Geant des Batailles: Brilliant crimson, full and double, the most distinct of its class; unequalled yet in brilliancy; a constant and free bloom. (P)
Gigantesque: Bright rosy, crimson, superb. (P)
Harrison Yellow: Double yellow, very showy. (P)
Hermosa: Light blush, large, full and double. (P)
Josephine Robert: Clear rose, perfect form. (P)
La Gracieuse: Bronzed rose, distinct variety. (P)
Lamarque: Fine white and clear yellow; *climber.* (P)
Leonie Verger: Pale blush, becoming nearly white. (Climber)
Levanson Gower: Deep rose, large and full. (P)
Lisa Savage: Beautiful white. (P)

Lyonnese Tea: Flesh colored. (P)
Madame Laffay: Rosy crimson, large superb.
Madame Trudeaux: Fine red, most beautiful. (P)
Madame Shredam: Brilliant rosy carmine; distinct and free bloomer; one of the finest new roses in cultivation. (P)
Marquise de Bocella: Delicate rosy blush, full and perfect. (P)
Monthly Calipso: Bright rose. (P)
Multiflora Coccinea: Rosy carmine. [Climber]
Mycrophylla: Very distinct, light red
Mycrlphylla Alba: White [P]
Moss Angelica: Beautiful red.
Moss Bourbon: Superb red, full, strong grower.
Moss Caelina: White
Moss Comtesse Muranaise: Beautiful double white.
Moss Crimson: Crimson, very fine.
" *Cristata:* Large double rose.
" *Crochet:* Deep red.
" *Princess Adalaide:* Very fine.
" *Rebecca:* Rose, beautiful.
" *Unique:* White, full.
" *Zibrina:* Fine red.
Napoleon Blanc: Pure white, very double. [P]
Napolean Ordinaire: Dark purple.
Noisette Maria: White, blooms abundantly and in fine clusters.
Noisette Superba: White, blooms abundantly and in large clusters. [P]
Oscar Leclerc: Fiery crimson, showy, fine. [P]
Persian Yellow: Double deep golden yellow.
Pius the Ninth: Magnificent purplish red rose. [P]
Prince de Wurtemberg: Beautiful red. [P]
Prairie Pink: Rosy pink changing to purple. [Climber]
Princesse Morea:
Queen of the Prairies: Bright rosy red, often with a white stripe, large compact and globular; best *climber.*
Rivers: Brilliant rosy crimson, large, full, superb. [P]
Russell: Clear rose, very fine, great bloomer. [P]
Safrano: Large double, yellowish. [P]
Sauterelle: Clear rose, very large: [P]
Souvenir de Malmaison: Pale flesh, very double. [P]
Strambert: White, very pretty little flower. [P]
Triomphe de Luxembourg: Salmon buff, with deep rose [P]
Vettellina: Very fine white. [P]
William Jesse: Rosy crimson, very large and full. [P]
White Ayrshire: Pure white, very pretty, climber.
White Damask: Whitish.